our compartment, measured him with his eyes, and asked, "To the penitentiary? A bad place for Jews! You are one, eh?"

The young man did not answer. The soldier unbuttoned the collar of the prisoner's shirt. "What did I say? No cross on his neck!"

The soldier had been speaking harshly, but suddenly he unbuttoned his own uniform, took off the silver cross he wore next to his skin, and put it about the prisoner's neck. "My mother gave it to me," he whispered. "It is a sin to give a mother's blessing away, but God will forgive me." And he rushed from the compartment.

I LEARN CARPENTRY

I returned to Ekaterinoslav after five months' absence and was taken directly to the tower. It was like coming home after a journey, but all the news was grim. There had been many executions during the winter; Pavel had been hanged; Chardash had died of tuberculosis; many had died of typhus.

During the morning inspection Belokos entered our tower. He stood in front of me, waiting for me to ask to be unchained. Then he asked:

"Complaints?"

"None."

This game continued for three weeks. To his consternation I had no complaint. In the meantime, I had learned how to wear the chains with a minimum of discomfort and was reluctant to assert my right to be freed of them. Then one day Belokos came running to the tower. "Woytinsky, to the smithshop!" He rushed me to the basement and ordered the smith to unfetter me. "We have twelve hundred men in the prison," he grumbled. "I cannot remember who is to be shackled and who not. Each prisoner must report for himself." The inspector of prisons was to make the tour of the Castle that afternoon.

It was early spring. The only tree in the courtyard—the one under which Leonid had died—was covered with fresh leaves. The yard was full of activity—axes swinging and saws singing among piles of logs and boards. Each day during the half-hour walk I looked with envy at the working prisoners. The noise of hammers, saws, and axes sounded like sweet music, the fragrance of fresh chips was delicious, the drops of resin on the boards and slabs sparkled like diamonds.

I was not sure whether carpentry was a form of forced labor to which I was sentenced or a privilege, but I told my companions in the tower that I would like to enroll as a carpenter. They thought